

## Get Free by peppermintpotts

**Series:** [Febuwhump 2021 \[2\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Emotional/Psychological Abuse, Experiment Steve Harrington, Gen, Medical Torture, Psychological Torture

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**Characters:** Eleven | Jane Hopper, Martin Brenner, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Eleven | Jane Hopper & Steve Harrington

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**Summary:**

The needle in his arm pulls him back to the room. That impossibly white room with its lone surgical table and bright lights.

## Get Free

### *Febuwhump – Day 2 – “I Can’t Take This Anymore”*

The straps tighten around his wrists, even with the painful effort he’s putting into his push. The tech closest to him pauses, looking from his eyes to the strap he tightens, regarding it with a puzzled look. He shakes his head, backhanding Steve for his attempt. Steve lets out a frustrated grunt, it seems the more he wills his ability to work the less obliged ability seems to be.

He settles back into the table, it’s useless to pull against the straps, he learned that after the first few times he was strapped in. All that is left for his efforts are bruised, throbbing wrists and increasing dread.

The guards, techs and doctors have all been trained against mind control and Steve has concluded that his ability is simply too weak to be effective. *I’m too weak.* Steve doesn’t know how to make his power work. His father said their power was *want made real. You want something, you say it, it’s done.* He only knows there is going to be pain and he wants it to stop before it starts, and the only way to make that happen is to use his power.

*“This won’t hurt.”*

*“Yes, it will. I exist to be hurt.”*

He was too young to understand what his mother meant. In one of her sober moments, he was too young to understand what any of it meant. *Recovery. Sober. Regret.* Words his father spoke to her, *about her*, that he was too young to understand. She’d cupped his face with shaking hands, pressed her forehead against his own, he was so young, and he didn’t understand. She hugged him tight and he hugged back but he didn’t understand.

“I shouldn’t have let it happen.” She whispered, “You exist to be hurt. My sweet boy.”

He remembers trying to comfort even when he didn’t understand why.

He understands it now. He understood it that night when Brenner stood over him and smiled. It wasn't love that determined his existence, it was this. He was a lab rat, raised in a controlled environment for this. No value except what he could give Brenner and right now he was an investment that yielded no returns.

He can feel them, his father and Brenner, watching from behind dark glass. Their thoughts are just muttering voices in his head, nothing discernable that he can use to save himself. The techs secure him and leave, brushing against another doctor who enters and smiles. It's a burden to be able see so clearly now. The malevolence that makes of those that mean him harm. This doctor, what he is, what he intends, washes over Steve and for a moment he can't breathe. It's like trying to move through molasses. Cloying, sticky, forcing him away from light despite his best efforts.

The needle in his arm pulls him back to the room. That impossibly white room with its lone surgical table and bright lights.

"What is that?"

The man smiles wider but his face pulls apart, contorting to his true face. A grey skinned demon with hollow eyes. The kind of demons his mother said she could see.

*Lysergic acid diethylamide*

"LSD?" The answer comes to him freely but Steve knows that's only because the doctor let it.

The doctor man nods to the figures on the other side of dark glass.

"You pulled that from my mind, Steven. Very good."

"Whatever you want, I'm not going to help you."

"You already are." Needles pierces skin, the drug entering his body despite his protests. He can feel the drug cutting through his resolve, dissipating any fight he has left.

"Please. Please, I can't take this anymore." He shuts his eyes, teeth knit together tight, as if that will slow what's happening. "I can't do it

again.”

“You will, Steven.” Brenner’s fingers card through his hair. Steve knows he’s lost a step because he didn’t even realize when Brenner came in.

“I won’t.” The slap that follows his defiant words doesn’t sting. He’s been hurt too many times since arriving here for that to stun him into compliance.

*Done down down into that abyss he can’t control. Down where the monsters are.*

“The void.” A small, timid voice says to him in a matter-of-fact tone. Steve opens his eyes, he’s in that familiar place. Black surrounding him, water caressing over his bare feet but this time he’s not alone.

She stares up at him with inquisitive brown eyes. Something about her pulls at his memory but he doesn’t know this girl. He’s lived in Boston his whole life and never has he seen her, not even in passing.

“Brother.” She extends her arm to him, turned up as if waiting for him to take it. He sees it then, the same mark, an identifier that matches his own.

“Eleven?” the name rolls off his tongue with ease, his fingers caressing over the raised skin forming that number.

She pokes a finger into his chest. “Seven. Brother.”

“Sister.” He says and she smiles at the word, wrapping her arms around his waist and squeezing tight. She looks up at him, determination set in her features. “Get free.”

### **Author's Note:**

I did not go over this with a fine toothed comb the way a responsible writer would.